"Our Day Of Rest"

Gently learning what it means to keep the Sabbath

A beginner's journey about finding out why it's important to rest

By Shimi

Shabbat

This breath is not a task.
It is the Lord's.
I may take it freely.

I am not what I finish.
I am not what I prove.
I am what God declared very good
before I could do a single thing.

Let the ground lie fallow.
Let the inbox sleep.
Let the creature in me
curl close and be fed.

I was not made to run without ceasing.
Even stars rest behind clouds.
All birds sometimes close their wings.

This is not a pause for performance.
This is the seventh day.
This is the world still becoming good.

This is for everyone who has told me, "Shimi, please slow down, take a break, stop working; you're going to burn yourself out..."

I am listening. I hear you.
-And I will rest

Thank you. I love you all.

Contents

Shabbat 2

Contents 4

Foreword: A Growing Desire for Sabbath 5

Starting Easy, Going All In 6

The Sabbath as a gift, a command, and a defiance 8

What I've Found in Scripture 10

What I'm learning about Sabbath as a form of resistance 12

Even our creatures get to rest! 14

The Tensions & boundaries of Rest 15

A gentle guide to starting 16

Someone Else's Sabbath 18

Rest is for Every Kind of Body 19

Approaching Sabbath, my Friday thing 20

Returning From Sabbath 22

Foreword: A Growing Desire for Sabbath

I didn't expect it to come up at a church group. I was a newbie, sitting in the undercroft at St. Mark's Cathedral, part of a small circle gathered for fellowship and formation, when the conversation turned toward Sabbath. Someone mentioned a video that we watched—a reflection by our Bishop—about keeping Sabbath, not just as a day off, but as a vital act of spiritual trust. He spoke about the rest God calls us into. A rest that is not earned, but given. A rest that pushes back against the world's hunger for constant productivity.

That video stayed with me. It stirred something. Not guilt, but hope. A renewed longing to observe not just a "tech Sabbath" — something I'd already begun: where I step away from screens and social media—but to enter a fuller rhythm. To honour Sabbath from Friday at sunset to Saturday at sunset, in the tradition of Genesis in the ancient practice of God's people.

And almost immediately, I found myself with a dilemma.

At St. Paul's, where I attend and wish to serve my community, there was an upcoming work party scheduled for Saturday morning—right in the middle of my newly considered Sabbath time! Augh! Painting, gardening, organising. Good, communal, joyful work! The kind of thing that knits people together and prepares sacred space.

I wanted to help. I wanted to show up. But I also wanted to keep the Sabbath —not turn back on this invitation to rest.

This humble little zine begins there, right in that tension.

Not with a rule or an answer, but with a question: *What does it mean to keep Sabbath in a church that doesn't require it—but still believes in holy time?* And how can we hold love for community and love for rest in the same hands? How can I show up for my friends when I am *supposed* to be resting?

Shimi

Starting Easy, Going All In

One of the things I love about my little Church and congregation and my priest is that no-one hands you a checklist and says, "Do this or you're out."

Instead, it says, "Come and see." — thats after all how I was invited in, gently and with great care during the first week of Lent when I found myself at the doors of a mid century modern Seattle Church. And I was gently welcomed in.

It understands and trusts that transformation is slow. That love deepens over time. That spiritual practices take root like seeds, not like lightning.

So when I heard our Bishop speak about Sabbath, what struck me most was not a demand, but an invitation. He said something along the lines of: *Start easy. But don't be afraid to go deeper.* Keep Sabbath in whatever way you can.

But I knew from the onset that keeping a full, committed Sabbath—sunset to sunset—is something beautiful to aspire and grow toward.

There was no guilt in his voice. But it kindled a kind of spiritual longing in me. Like he knew, firsthand, what it felt like to rest in God—and he and my priests and the ones that truly "get it" want that for me… for all of us.

And that feels, to me, very right and true to me. It felt very much what I was searching for in my return to faith—not a church that mandates Saturday Sabbath-keeping. I found out we generally treat Sunday—the day of the Resurrection—as a communal Sabbath: a day for Eucharist, for gathering, for feasting, for prayer. "*On the first day of the week we came together to break bread.*" —Acts 20:7

But the Episcopal tradition also holds room for personal rule of life, for ancient rhythms, for holy curiosity.

And so if someone like me—fresh and new as I am—drawn to the practice of Sabbath from Friday at sunset to Saturday at sunset—wants to honour that rhythm, the Church doesn't get in the way.

It simply says, "That, too, is holy."

There's space here for those of us who feel the oldness of that seventh day.

For those of us who want to taste the rest that God declared good before the Law was even given. There's space to light candles on a Friday night. To turn off the phone. To not show up to the work party—not out of laziness or rebellion, but out of reverence.

Because maybe Sabbath is less about which day, and more about what it turns us toward. And what I'm learning is: it turns us toward God, not as taskmaster, but as beloved.

"In returning and rest you shall be saved;
in quietness and in trust shall be your strength."
—Isaiah 30:15

The Sabbath as a gift, a command, and a defiance

I didn't always know how much scripture had to say about the Sabbath. Like many, I thought of it mostly as a rule tucked away in the Ten Commandments, a thing I felt was a relic of older faith. But now I see it as a golden thread—running not just through the Old Testament but through the whole story of God's longing for His people to rest, to be free, to remember who they are.

It begins not with command, but with delight. In Genesis, we are told that *"On the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested… So God blessed the seventh day and made it holy"* — (Genesis 2:2–3). There is no suggestion here that God *needed* to rest because He was tired. Rather, He *chose* to rest—to enjoy, to behold, to bless. It was the culmination of creation, not an afterthought. Sabbath was not added because something was wrong. It was part of what made the world very good.

And we, humans and creatures alike, were created not on some separate, exalted day—but alongside all the living things of the sixth. We share our day with the creatures of hoof and paw and wing, which tells me something profound: we are not made to rule as tyrants over them, but to rest beside them. If Sabbath is the pinnacle of creation—not humans, but the day of rest itself—then the hierarchy falls away. We are not the point. Communion is.

Later, Sabbath becomes law. "*Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy… On it you shall not do any work… For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth… but rested the seventh day*" — (Exodus 20:8–

Episcopal Echoes: A Wider Tradition

Though I'm still new to this practice, I've been learning that I'm not alone. The Episcopal Church doesn't mandate Sabbath-keeping, but it does hold space for it. In quiet ways, through both liturgy and life, our tradition honours holy time.

There's no official canon law that says "you *must* observe Sabbath on Saturday," and no rubric that outlines exactly how to keep it. But there are hints and threads. The Book of Common Prayer gives us patterns of daily prayer, moments to pause, readings that move through sacred time. The collect for Sundays specifically names rest, and the language of holy rhythm is absolutely *everywhere*. And our liturgical calendar itself is a kind of Sabbath map—feast, fast, and ordinary time. Maybe wear some red at Pentecost? That sort of thing.

Even more than that, the Episcopal ethos gives permission. It welcomes personal Rule of Life, the old rhythms of retreat and stillness. The movement toward keeping Sabbath doesn't feel like a divergence from my faith, but a *deepening* of it. A recovery of something ancient and intimate. It reminds me that I belong not just to a parish—but to a people who have, for centuries, asked what it means to rest in God.

11). But even here, the command is generous.

It doesn't say just you must rest. It says your son, your daughter, your servant, your livestock, even the foreigner dwelling among you. This is not a private privilege. It is communal mercy. A sacred levelling of power.

And then, in Deuteronomy, another layer: *"Remember that you were a slave in the land of Egypt… therefore the Lord your God commanded you to keep the Sabbath day"*— (Deuteronomy 5:15). Suddenly, the Sabbath is not just about rest—it's about *resistance*. It is God's defiant declaration that we are not owned. Not by Pharaohs. Not by empire. Not by capitalism or our employers or CEOs, or technology or shame or the compulsion to be useful every moment of every day.

The Sabbath is, to me, where God says to me, *You are free. I brought you out. I did not rescue you just so you could collapse again under another yoke.*

In a world that never stops demanding, this is absolutely revolutionary! We are told, constantly, to produce, to optimise, to monetise, to prove our worth by the hour, making content and being visibly brilliant. Even our rest time is sold back to us through apps and products and algorithms. But the Sabbath cuts through all of that like a bright blade of stillness. It is a holy "no", a refusal to serve anything that devours our soul.

The prophets understood this. Isaiah says, *"In returning and rest you shall be saved; in quietness and in trust shall be your strength"* — (Isaiah 30:15). Not in hustle. Not in reputation. Not in performance. Here, "strength", says the Lord, comes through stopping. And that was hard for me to take on board to believe. It goes against everything we are taught about success and survival. It goes against my work ethic.

Even Jesus, who was accused of breaking the Sabbath, never dismissed it. He healed on it. He taught on it. He walked slowly through fields and let his disciples pluck grain, unhurried and unashamed. *"The Sabbath was made for humankind, and not humankind for the Sabbath ,"* he said — (Mark 2:27). It wasn't a test. It was a *gift*. And Jesus, in his gentleness, knew *exactly* how to unwrap it.

I'm learning, slowly, through these teachings that I don't have to *earn* the right to rest. That God doesn't need me to finish my to-do list

before He says, "Well done." That sometimes, the holiest thing I can do is simply stop. Lay down my striving. Let the world spin without me. Not because it doesn't matter—but because I do matter.

Keeping the Sabbath in this always-connected, always hustling to prove myself time is more than a spiritual practice, it is also a form of protest. Against a burnout that is often seen as a virtue by our corporate overlords. Against the commodification of our every waking moment. Against the nagging lie that tells me we are only as valuable as what we produce. The world tells us we are machines. But God says: "You are mine."

Since returning to faith—and to the acceptance of what that return entails for myself—I've found something quietly radical in being welcomed as I am. A newbie in a congregation where some have been coming for decades, and *still*, I am received. That acceptance tells me: I am enough. I always was. I don't have to keep proving myself.

And that is both humbling and powerful.

So, now I keep the Sabbath—falteringly, even clumsily, even partially—I am choosing to believe I am enough. I am joining a rhythm of defiance that stretches from the first breath of creation to the quiet footsteps of Jesus in a Galilean field. I am saying, with my whole body, that there is another way to be.

And maybe that's what salvation tastes like—at least a little—when I let myself stop long enough to taste it!

What I've Found in Scripture

I didn't always know where to look for Sabbath in the Bible. I knew it was somewhere in the Ten Commandments, but beyond that, I assumed it was mostly just an old testament thing. But now that I'm paying attention, I'm realising it's *everywhere* littered throughout.

What I learned is that Sabbath isn't just a command—it's woven through the whole story of God and God's people.

It begins in Genesis — right at the start: *"And on the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested*…So God blessed the seventh day and made it holy." — (Genesis 2:2–3)

This was before sin. Before commandments. Sabbath wasn't a reaction to anything broken—it was part of the very good rhythm of creation.

Its a bit later, in Exodus, where it becomes law. The fourth commandment says: *"Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy… On it you shall not do any work… For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth… but rested the seventh day."* — (Exodus 20:8–11)

But when I kept reading, I found something even more moving in Deuteronomy. There it was, *right there,* the reason for the Sabbath isn't creation—it's liberation. *"Remember that you were a slave in the land of Egypt… therefore the Lord your God commanded you to keep the Sabbath day." (Deuteronomy 5:15)*

What I understand from this is that Sabbath is a protest against slavery. Against being owned. Against being driven without rest or dignity. It's God's way of saying: You are not a tool. You are not a machine. You are mine—and you are free.

And then there's Jesus.

What I'm learning is that Jesus didn't reject Sabbath—he reclaimed it. He healed on it. He taught on it. He ate with friends on it. He reminded people that Sabbath was made for us, not the other way around. *"The Sabbath was made for humankind, and not humankind for the Sabbath ." (Mark 2:27)*

So maybe keeping Sabbath doesn't mean obeying a rule. Maybe it means accepting… a gift?

And like any good gift, it changes depending on who you are, where you are, what you need.

Sometimes it's a nap. Sometimes it's a walk. Sometimes it's sitting by a candle and saying nothing for a while — a favourite of mine… just stillness and creatureliness. All the parts of my overactive, overachieving mindset that aches for that quiet

reverential stillness and now I have an actual *commandment*, to live by it! And that, at least for now, makes it easier to stick by.

I'm still learning. But Scripture has helped me see that Sabbath isn't about restriction—it's about belonging; where God rested. God invites us to rest.

Not because we've earned it—we dont need to—but because we are loved. That reminds me we ought to rest, to live as Christians we absolutely must rest, rest from resisting the worst of capitalism and balancing the Christian desire to do good, to work, to contribute to our communities and out little packs and prides, flocks and warrens.

What I'm learning about Sabbath as a form of resistance

It started, for me as a longing for rest. I was tired when I returned to faith—not just weary in the way we say when we need a nap, but tired in my soul. Tired of screens. Tired of being reachable. Tired of feeling like I had to justify my existence by being helpful, productive, visible, available, responsive, informative, serving my ego's desire to always try to outdo myself.

Later, when I began to keep Sabbath—just a little, just enough to notice—it was like hearing a sound I didn't know I'd been missing: Silence. Space. Slowness. And I have noticed time and time again, God likes to live in that stillness.

And it started to dawn on me: this isn't just about personal peace. This is about refusing to serve the things that make me disappear. What I am learning now is that Sabbath is not just self-care—it's an act of rebellion.

It's saying "no" to the gods of efficiency and endless growth, unplugging from the feed. Turning off alerts, letting the world spin without my input for a day—trusting it won't collapse.

It's choosing to believe that I am loved even when I am not performing. That's radical in a world like ours.

And it's not just about me. The Sabbath commandment says, *"you shall not do any work—you, or your son or your daughter, or your servant, or your livestock or the foreigner in your midst."*

Notice how it's not individualistic? If anything it's collective liberation. *Everyone* gets to rest. *Everyone* gets to be free. Even our creatures, And then the penny dropped, *The Sabbath is for all of Gods creation.*

I'm learning to see that when I honour the Sabbath, I'm not just helping myself—I'm joining a rhythm of resistance that says: We are not machines, that the land is not a factory, that time is not a commodity. And I'm not owned by these things — not by technology, social media, the weaponising of algorithms.

Yes, I still check my phone sometimes. I still fidget with that and other guilt. I hope the urge will pass I'm not always good at letting go. But when I do let go—when I let the sun set and I say, "this is enough"—something truly sacred happens.

The world doesn't end and a false world—the one that tells me I have to earn my place—starts to fall apart.

And in its place is something older, slower, gentler: A God who says, to me at least, "You are mine. You may rest now."

Even our creatures get to rest!

Something I'd never noticed before—until I actually sat down and read the commandment closely—is that God includes not just people, but the animals—our companions, our cohabitants, our friends.

"But the seventh day is a Sabbath to the Lord your God; you shall not do any work—you, or your son or your daughter, your male or female servant, your ox or your donkey, or any of your livestock…"—(Deuteronomy 5:14)

What I understand now is that Sabbath is not just for the human soul. It's for the whole household. Even the four-legged ones under our care. And I love that.

I love that God doesn't just ask us to stop, God asks us to let others stop too—even the creatures who can't ask for themselves.

I'm learning that Sabbath is a kind of trust. A way of stepping back and saying: "Today, I will *not* command. I will *not* use. I will *not* demand output from anyone or anything. And I will *not* engage in petty consumerism."

God is urging me to… well, stop… just… stop. Even the earth gets a Sabbath. Even the soil. There's even a law in Leviticus, letting land lie fallow every seventh year.

So when I step into Sabbath time, I'm not just stepping away from screens or chores. I'm stepping into a sacred economy where everything—human and animal, wild and domestic—is allowed to breathe, not as property, but as part of creation.

What I'm learning is that rest isn't a luxury. It's a right. A sacred one. And it isn't mine alone.

The Tensions & boundaries of Rest

Sabbath sounds lovely—until you try to keep it. That's what I've learned, anyway. Not because it isn't good, but because it brings things to the surface. Pesky… little… conflicts. Tensions. Edges I didn't know I had.

Like when a friend invited me to help cook for a crust punk mutual aid meal on Saturday morning. I wanted to say yes. I love cooking. I believe in feeding people. But it was my Sabbath. I'd promised myself I would stop. So I said no—and then spent an hour wrestling with guilt.

Or the time someone said, "*Must be nice to have a day off.*" And I didn't know how to explain that it isn't a luxury—it's a spiritual lifeline. That I keep Sabbath not because I have nothing to do, but because I will be undone if I don't What I'm

> The Sabbath was made for humankind, and not humankind for the Sabbath."
>
> —Mark 2:27

learning is that *rest draws boundaries* and those boundaries can make people uncomfortable—even when they're necessary. Especially when they're holy.

Keeping Sabbath has meant disappointing others. Missing events. Skipping service work. Letting texts go unanswered (maybe even on Read, I'm sorry if I ever do this to you!) It's meant explaining, sometimes awkwardly, why I'm not available, why I'm not coming, why I need this. But it's also revealed a harder truth: that not everyone can stop. People with small children, shift work, chronic urgency. People in crisis. People holding up too many things alone. Which means Sabbath, if it is to mean anything, must become more than a personal pause —it must become a *communal* practice of mutual aid, a culture of permission-giving. A world where we let each other rest.

Because if Sabbath is *only* possible for the privileged, then i think we've missed the point. But if it's held gently, shared generously, offered as gift and not demanded—then maybe it can become what it was always meant to be: a rest for everyone.

A gentle guide to starting

I'm still figuring it out. I haven't got it down perfectly—not even close. But here's what I've been learning, and what I might offer to anyone who's feeling the tug toward Sabbath but isn't sure where to begin:

This zine is not a rulebook. I'm like you really only just starting! It's more like a set of paw-prints in soft ground. You can follow them, or veer off, or make your own.

1. Pick a time—and keep it simple.

For me, it's Friday at sunset to Saturday at sunset, because I'm drawn to the ancient rhythm, a Jewish partner and I say "Shabbat Shalom". We connect through this across our faiths.

But maybe for you, it's Sunday after church. Or Wednesday evening. Or whatever day you have a pocket of stillness.

Whatever time you choose: protect it like a little flame. Even if it's just a few hours. Don't wait for your calendar to clear. Sabbath is — or should be — the thing that clears it.

2. Unplug from the machine.

I try to turn off my phone. Or at least log out of the places that keep my brain buzzing. Not as punishment, but as mercy. This world is insistent, loud. Sabbath is quiet. If unplugging feels impossible, our Bishop suggested we start small:

Turn off notifications. Set your phone to silent. Put it in another room while you nap or pray or eat slowly. In doing just one act of intentional disconnection I found is enough to shift something inside.

3. Stop doing that which makes you strive.

It's not just about "not working"—it's about not straining to be more, fix more, prove more.

If cooking gives you joy, cook.

If that feels like obligation, eat something humble, simple.

If tidying helps you breathe, tidy.

If it feels like compulsion, let the mess stay.

And part of my returning to faith and observing Sabbath is to always ask myself: "Is this rest, or is this self-erasure?"

4. Let it be tender, not perfect.

I still forget! I still reach for my phone. I still struggle to stop. And I think that's okay, we are so conditioned to grip our little selfie slabs of glass and plastic that to not hold one on one day a week must feel like what smokers trying to quit smoking and vaping feel, we grasp at something that is habitually there but now not there.

The point isn't to succeed at Sabbath. The point is to make room for God to meet you in your unfinishedness.

Light one candle. Say one prayer. Take one deep breath. That's enough. That's already plenty holy.

5. Include others when you can.

> He makes me lie down
> in green pastures.
> He leads me beside
> still waters.
> He restores my soul."
> —Psalm 23:2–3

Invite a friend to share a meal.
Let your pets nap beside you.
Bless your houseplants.
Rest with your partners and family.
Say to the people around you: "Let's let today be slow."

Sabbath is supposed to be communal, even if it begins alone. It's not a retreat from love—it's a deepening of it.

Someone Else's Sabbath

I asked a friend recently if they'd ever tried keeping Sabbath. Their answer surprised me. "I think I do," they said, "but I've never called it that."

They told me about Saturday mornings—when they light a candle, sit with their dog, and read a poem before doing anything else. No chores, no news. Just warmth, softness, and a small act of letting the world wait. *"It's the one part of the week that feels real."*

Another friend said her Sabbath begins with a walk. *"No phone. Just me and the forest path."* She doesn't pray, exactly. She just listens. And she doesn't feel guilty about missing church on Sunday sometimes—because her deepest spiritual moment happens Saturday afternoon, lying on moss in Discovery Park with her eyes closed.

None of them use the word "Sabbath" all the time. But they speak of it like I do—with yearning, and relief. It made me realise that rest, once you find it, becomes something you want

to share. And maybe Sabbath doesn't always begin with candles and scripture. Maybe it begins with the question: What helps you feel whole again? What connects you to wonder and joy?

Rest is for Every Kind of Body

I want to say this plainly: **Sabbath is not just for the able, the neurotypical, or the well**. I quickly learned you do not need to be quiet in a certain way, or sit still in a certain posture, or follow a perfect plan. You do not need to "deserve" your rest. You do not need to be productive before you can pause.

Sabbath belongs to *everyone*. To the overstimulated. To the under-supported. To those of us who stim, who fidget, who wag their tails (as I do every time joyously before receiving the Communion bread and wine) who rest in ways others might not recognise.

To those who find structure soothing, and those who find it terrifying. To those for whom surviving is already a full-time job.

The Gospels tell us that Jesus healed on the Sabbath—not because he was breaking it, but because he was fulfilling it. Because liberation and tenderness belong *inside* holy time. Not after it. Not in spite of it. Within it.

So if Sabbath for you means lying under a weighted blanket with a plush animal in your arms, that's Sabbath. If it means curling up in the dark and listening to a comforting sound on loop, that's Sabbath. If it means letting your body be strange, or soft, or silent, or stimmy, or slow—that's Sabbath too.

There's no one way to be still. No one way to be a creature.
You are allowed to rest *exactly* as you are.

Approaching Sabbath, my Friday thing

By the time Friday evening arrives, I'm often frayed. Not just tired, but scattered—my body tight with the week's demands, my mind cluttered with unfinished projects and thoughts. The sky outside begins to dim, those soft, bruised colours settling in: slate and honey and rose. It's then I begin.

I light a candle, slowly, (truth be known I switch it on…) but mindfully… like an offering. Sometimes I speak a blessing aloud, sometimes I just breathe it into the silence: *"Beloved Father, please let this time be different."* That's all it needs to begin—an intention, a pause, the first crack in the rhythm of striving.

I try to let the week fall from me like a shawl. I turn off my phone. I dim the lights. I stop checking and proving and chasing. I try to give myself back to slowness.

And when I am not alone—when I am lucky enough to be with someone who knows the shape and tempo of me—I turn toward love.

Not the kind that rushes. Not the kind that stays half in the world. But the kind that arrives slowly, reverently, as if we are entering sacred space together. Hands meeting skin not to take, not to fix, but simply to say: You are good. You are here. You are enough.

I have learned that this, too, is Sabbath.

Not just the absence of labor, but the presence of pleasure without pressure. The kind of pleasure that moves like dusk—gentle, golden, unhurried. The kind that remembers we are gods creatures and also holy. That the body is not a burden to be tamed, but a gift to be received.

From the beginning, God called the body good. Very good. And Sabbath, as I've come to understand it, is a return to that original blessing. A return to delight. To stillness. To touch. To

shared breath and sacred attention. It is the one night a week I try and let myself be entirely un-useful—and entirely present.

Sometimes on Sabbath, I reach for something that isn't part of my usual rhythm. A musical instrument I don't really know how to play—something strange, maybe a little untamed. Not to master it, not to practice for performance, but just to make a joyful sound for its own sake. To let my hands find their way without expectation. Other times, I put away the tablet computer I draw on and pick up simple paper and pencil instead, letting myself draw without refinement, without control, without the glow of the screen, without the undo button! Something about the texture of the paper, the scratch of graphite, the softness of lines that don't need to become anything—that, too, feels like Sabbath. It's not the work I show. It's the play I keep for myself. Not to be good, but to be *free*.

Other times, Sabbath calls me outside. I don't go far. Just a short walk, barefoot in a park if I can bear it. I touch the trees, run my hand along their bark like reading braille. I let my eyes rest on the shapes of leaves, the twitch of a bird in the underbrush, the way light spills across moss or concrete. I try not to make it into anything—no fitness goal, no productivity, no mindfulness app. Just a small act of remembering that I belong to a world God made and called good. Sometimes I lie down in the grass or on the warm floor of my room and feel the earth hold me up. That, too, is Sabbath. A creature at rest in creation, nothing more and nothing less.

Sometimes I mark the beginning of Sabbath with food—not a feast exactly, but something intentional and slow. Kind. Healthy but not austere. I don't try to impress anyone, not even myself. Maybe it's just warm fresh bread with olive oil, or a bowl of something that took its time—lentils, roasted roots, soup thick with herbs. I try to eat without multitasking, without hovering over a screen, without rushing to the next thing. Sometimes I try to eat with others, sometimes I eat alone, but either way, I try to taste it. *Really* taste it. As if this bite is a blessing. As if the act of chewing could be a kind of prayer. It doesn't have to be elaborate. It just has to be received. And when I let it nourish me—not just fill me, but actually comfort me—I remember that God feeds us not because we work, but because we are loved.

And when there is no lover, or partner — or both — there is still the candle. There is still the bath, still the warmth of bed and blankets, still the quiet permission to soften. The stuffies and plushies and a book and a mug of hot milk and honey. Even alone, the body remembers how to become a sanctuary. Even alone, I can stretch out in the dark, unclench my hands, and say, "Ah, yes. This, too, is holy."

That, for me, is how my Sabbath begins. May yours have equal meaning to you.

Returning From Sabbath

No one every really talks about what it feels like when Sabbath ends. What happens after. When the sun dips down on Saturday, when the phone comes back on, when the emails begin to beckon again. The slab of glass sits back in my hand like a reunion with a constant companion that's been on a holiday. Sometimes I feel ready. Sometimes it

feels like surfacing after a long, peaceful float. A full breath before re-entering the current.

But other times… it feels like a loss. Like the spell has broken. Like I'm being pulled back into a world that doesn't know how to stop. And I want to linger, to stretch the dusk just a little longer. I want to stay in the softness.

What helps me is to mark the end as gently as the beginning. No sudden flood of tasks. No zero inbox ambition. Just a candle blown out/switched off slowly. A few words of thanks. A moment to notice what changed.

Sometimes I write a little note to myself: "*This is what I learned*." Or I carry forward one small gesture from Sabbath into the week—lighting a candle before dinner, putting the phone away before bed, walking slowly.

Re-entry can be hard. Its a bit like like post con-comedown It reminds me how noisy everything is, and how relentless. But it also reminds me of the contrast. That Sabbath has changed me. That I know, now, what God's intended slowness feels like through it. And that even when I forget—I know Sabbath will assuredly come again.

– Shimi

A gentle companion for those longing to remember: you are not a machine. You're beloved. You may rest.

A Day Of Rest is a creaturely meditation on rest—where holiness is found not in striving, but in stillness.

Through story, scripture, poetry, and softness, this zine invites you to pause, unplug, and curl close to the sacred rhythm beneath all things.

Shimi is an artist, writer, poet, & musician. Originally from Scotland, she now lives in Seattle with a cat and a whole host of creaturely friends. Deaf & an Episcopal Christian, she is always searching, reaching, loving, & doing her best. In a small corner of the city, she draws, writes, & creates—having found her packs, her congregation, her home.